

NEXT WEEK—The Bible and The Army

THE WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
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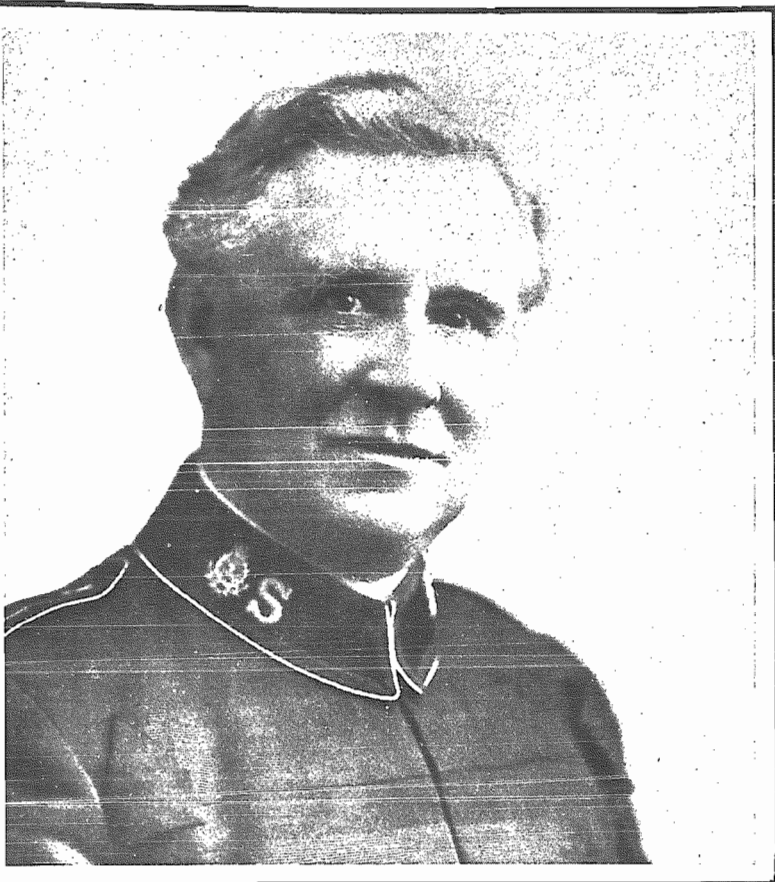
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CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner



THE CHIEF-OF-THE-STAFF OF THE SALVATION ARMY

(Commissioner Edward J. Higgins, C.B.E.)

(See announcement on page 12)



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Exodus 5: 14-23. "Why is it that Thou hast sent me?" Moses could understand heathen Pharaoh's refusal, but what hurt him so terribly was that God's own people misjudged him. The greatest pain comes when we are misunderstood by those with whom we work, after our best efforts to help them. Learn to go direct to God when you cannot understand the difficulties of life. He will make things clear to you, or give you patience if you bide His time.

Monday, Exodus 6: 1-13. "They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit." It is hard to listen to any message, however glowing, if one is hungry, oppressed, or cruelly treated. That is why in our Army Social Work we feel them and look after people before we speak to them about spiritual things. Human kindness prepares the soul and makes it willing to listen to the story of God's love.

Tuesday, Exodus 7: 1-13. "Pharaoh shall not hearken." God's early dealings with Pharaoh are not recorded. We only read the last scenes. By cruelly illtreating a free people, Pharaoh so hardened his heart to right that he lost the power to change. So in blind, unreasoning folly we see him drag his nation to destruction. God's wonders and mercies, if not accepted, only drive us further from Him, because in refusing them we harden our hearts.

Wednesday, Exodus 7: 14-25. "All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood." The Egyptians worshipped the Nile, which the annual floods, which fertilized the whole land, were expected, Pharaoh himself would lead the religious festivals. The waters of the Nile becoming as blood, struck a blow at the chief object of Egyptian worship. It showed the powerlessness of the river-god to protect his own waters.

Thursday, Exodus 8: 1-15. "That thou mayest know that there is none like unto the Lord." Each year, with the overflowing of the Nile, myriads of frogs swarm along the banks of the river and canals. Later they return to the river or are devoured by water birds. But at the command of the Lord the frogs suddenly appeared and at an appointed time died. Pharaoh could not help seeing God's hand in this.

Friday, Exodus 8: 16-32. "Intreat for me." Sometimes today when people are in trouble they say to God's servants, "Pray for me." This is a right thing to do. Prayer changes things, but they sometimes forget that they need to do their part, or God cannot help and bless them. Had Pharaoh only been sincere, he would have received a greater blessing than the removal of the plague.

Saturday, Exodus 9: 1-12. "Go in unto Pharaoh, and tell him, thus saith the Lord." Moses was strong because of His Divine commission, because he had God behind him. Nothing else could have changed his weakness and timidity into strength and courage. God is still the same today, so claim His wonderful power for yourself, then you, too, can go with His message, "Thus saith the Lord."

Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

THE BIBLE AND THE ARMY

Special articles, stories, messages, etc. — see next week's issue.

P's and Q's

Patience is a bitter plant, but it has sweet fruit.

Peace that is bought at the price of principle is profanity.

Praise God more and blame other people less.

Prayer is the key of the morning and the lock of the night.

Prayer without work is a bow without a string.

Promote the truth and the truth will promote thee.

Quick steps are best on miry ground. Quit not certainty for hope.

Quickened by grace, quicken your pace. Quarrel with nobody.



JOHN BUNYAN TALKS ON HELL

THE THUNDER-CLAPS OF CONSCIENCE AND THE SCRAMBLE OF THE DEVIL FOR LOST SOULS

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom."—Luke xvi.; 24

OUR Lord doth show, in this verse, partly what doth and shall befall to the reprobate after this life is ended, where He saith, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes." That is, the ungodly, after they depart this life, do lift up their eyes in Hell. From these words may be observed several things. It is evident that there is a Hell for souls, yes, and bodies too, to be tormented in after they depart this life, as is clear, first, because the Lord Jesus Christ, that cannot lie, did say after the sinner was dead and buried, "In hell he lifted up his eyes." Now if it be objected that by Hell is here meant the grave, that I plainly deny.

yourselves, you would have a care of your souls; if you did but regard, you would see how mad they are that slight the Salvation of their souls.

Oh! what will it profit thy soul to have pleasure in this life, and torments in hell? (Mark viii. 36). Thou hadst better part with all thy sins, and pleasures, and companions, or whatsoever thou delightest in, than to have soul and body to be cast into hell. Oh! thou dost not now neglect our Lord Jesus Christ, lest thou drop down to hell (Hebrews ii. 3).

Consider, would it not wound thee to thine heart to come upon thy death-bed, and instead of having the com-

Commissioner Brengle, one of The Army's leading theologians, says:

Some labor hard to strip this story of the Rich Man and Lazarus of its evident meaning, and to rob it of its point and power, by declaring that it is only a parable. On the contrary, the Saviour's statements are given as facts. But even though we admit the account to be a parable, what then? A parable teaches either what is or what may be, and in that case these words lose none of their force, but stand out as a bold word-picture of the terrible doom of the wicked.

1. Because there the body is not sensible of torment or ease; but in that Hell into which the spirits of the damned depart, they are sensible of torment, and would very willingly be freed from it, to enjoy ease, which they are sensible of the want of; as is clearly discovered in this parable, "Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue."

2. It cannot mean the grave, but some other place, because the bodies, as long as they lie there, are not capable of lifting up their eyes, to see the glorious condition of the children of God, as the souls of the damned do. "In hell he lifted up his eyes."

3. It cannot be the grave, for then it must follow that the soul was buried there with the body, which cannot stand with such a dead state as is here mentioned; for He saith, "The rich man died;" that is, his soul was separated from his body. "And in hell he lifted up his eyes."

Not Only in This Life

If it be again objected that there is no Hell but in this life, that I do also deny, as I said before: after he was dead and buried, "In hell he lifted up his eyes." And let me tell thee, O soul, whoever thou art, that if thou close not in savingly with the Lord Jesus Christ, and lay hold on what He hath done and is doing in His own person for sinners, thou wilt find such a Hell after this life is ended, that thou wilt not get out of again for ever and ever.

The Second thing is that all the ungodly that live and die in their sins, so soon as ever they depart this life, do descend into Hell. This is also verified by the words in this parable, where Christ saith, he "died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes." What a miserable case is that dies in an unregenerate state is in; he departs from a long sickness to a longer Hell; from the gripings of death to the everlasting torments of Hell. "And in hell he lifted up his eyes." Ah, friends! if you were but

fore of a well-spent life, and the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, together with the comforts of His glorious Spirit, to have, first, the sight of an ill-spent life, thy sins lying in thy face, thy conscience uttering itself with thunderclaps against thee; the thoughts of God terrifying thee; Death with his merciless paw, seizing upon thee; the devil to scramble for thy soul, and hell enlarging herself and ready to swallow thee up; and an eternity of misery and torment attending upon thee, from which there will be no release.

Death not Alone

For mark, Death doth not come alone to an unconverted soul, but with such company, as wast thou but sensible of it would make thee tremble. I pray, consider that Scripture, Rev. vi. 8, "And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him." Mark, Death doth not come alone to the ungodly, no, but hell goes with him. Blessed are all those that through Christ Jesus, His merits, by faith, do escape these soul-murdering companions.

Some are so fast asleep, and secure in their sins, that they scarce know where they are, until they come into Hell. Truly thus, it is to be feared, it is with many poor souls; they are so senseless, so hard, so seared in their conscience (1 Tim. iv. 2) that they are very ignorant of their state; and when death comes it strikes them as it were into a swoon, especially if they die suddenly, and so they are hurried away, and scarce know where they are till in hell they lift up their eyes.

Oh, my friends! did you but know what a miserable condition they are in that go out of this world without an interest in the Son of God, it would make your souls cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" (Acts xvi. 30). And not only so, but thou wouldst not be comforted until thou didst find a rest for thy soul in the Lord Jesus Christ.—John Bunyan.

Leave the Thread to God

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.

The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design;
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, not yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent
dread
You view each sombre fold,
For lo! within each darker thread
There shines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully;
He knows the way you plod.
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread to God.

Vast Resources

A traveller in Brazil has told of an Indian village he visited. The land refusing to respond to the hand of the tiller, the Indians imported their corn, carrying it on their shoulders from the seacoast, a distance of two hundred miles. They ground it into meal between two rough stones, as people did in a primitive age. Yet nature had placed at their very feet a water-fall that was capable of generating several thousand horse-power for every month of the year. If this great source of natural power had been harnessed to the wheels of industry, they might have irrigated their lands and made the waste places a garden of fertility. They could have built mills and ground the harvested corn. They came so far short of their material privileges that their lives seemed an actual tragedy—a perpetual drudgery when they might have known the joy of living. The voice of the waterfall was ever calling, "Use me! Use me! Make your desert an Eden! Let me lift the burden from your shoulders and wipe the sweat from off your brows!" But they heeded not the voices that called.

What a spiritual tragedy it is that we live so far beneath our privileges in the Kingdom of Jesus Christ! The Holy Spirit places vast resources at our disposal. Voices of His "many waters" are ever calling, "Use me! Use me! I will lighten your load of life! I will be a sanctuary of refreshment to the thirsty and tired. I will make your wilderness and solitary places to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Stepping Stones

There are three grades of Christian life. There is, first of all, the dissatisfied life—the life that knows there is something which it does not possess; the life that is perpetually discontented, and rightly so, with itself. There is, second, the life that is half and half, that now and then rises up to the Mount of Transfiguration, and then paces for long seasons over weary wastes of whitened ashes. There is a third life of satisfaction and contentment, of peace and power and rest; the life that has made Jesus Christ its one object; the life that every man lives who is able to say, in the fine phrase of Ignatius, "O Christ, Thou art 'my inseparable life.'" The soul that has made Christ its one object has entered into rest, and has entered into power; it has entered into a life of activity which no foe can withstand, and of contentment which no storm can ruffle; for over all the seas where it voyages speaks that Voice which quietens the waves of the turbulent Thibetan sea: "Peace, be still." Nothing can overcome or disturb the soul that is hid with Christ in God and has made Christ the one object of its life.

Praying and Doing

It is said of a certain lad, who had listened long to his well-to-do father's prayers for the poor and needy, that after they rose from their knees the boy appeared moody and silent.

"What are you thinking about, my son?" asked the father, who probably thought that his prayers were bearing fruit in the boy.

"I was thinking, father, that if I had your corn-bags I would soon answer your prayers!"

Incident and Testimony from the Old Country

What the Old Country "War Cry" says about the Great National Siege, and the Burning of the Holy Fire over there

The Founder's Prophecy

"I remember coming to this city with the Founder," said the General at Northampton at a Civic Reception. "There was a great turn-out of the elite! They smashed the Band instruments. They stoned us, and I stood up in the carriage to take on my body the missiles aimed at the General's head, and as I stood there, with the mob surging around us, he said to me, 'Bramwell, you will live to come to Northampton and be welcomed in these very streets!'"

The General—"Snatch the prey from the devil's clutches."

"The light and power of Jesus are now and for ever the same. Let us praise Him more for ourselves and plead with Him more for others. The Devil has ravished the whole world around us. He carries the multitudes away captive. Shall we not attack him afresh and snatch the prey from his clutches?"

Mrs. General Booth at Clapton All

Night-of-Prayer—"More Soldiers than Ever."

The first hour of the morning had passed when Mrs. Booth again spoke, and she heartened her hearers by stating that there were never more Salvation Army Soldiers in the world than there were to-day; never had the Flag been carried in more countries; while only in one place had that Flag been lowered—for the time being—that was in Russia, and for that country she asked for prayers that the Flag might soon again be unfurled.

Mrs. Booth at Norwich—"Holiness for everybody."

"Holiness is not for Salvationists only," declared Mrs. Booth, "it is for God's people everywhere."

Sergt.-Major Softley, Norwich I—"A settled peace for forty years."

Sergt.-Major Softley (Retired), a veteran of fifty-five years' Salvationism, said he had had "settled peace for forty years." When men try to give a precise statement of the essential nature of what is present in their exercise of faith, they often become obscure; but such words as these must carry conviction.

Glasgow—"We're the boys to do it."

An enthusiastic lad said: "My first point is, the world is upside down; my second point, we must turn it downside up; and my third point, we are the boys to do it."

Police send people to The Army at Dundee.

Late-shift Meeting attended, great

WE have taken the following Incidents and Testimonies from the latest copy of the International "War Cry." It will be seen that the Siege Spirit is abroad all over the Old Land. We have taken these cuttings in no set order or style; they are put down just as we read them in a casual glance through the paper. They are too good—too heart-inspiring—not to be passed on. Read them.

"Oh, that in us the Sacred Fire Might now begin to glow."

crowd. As bars emptied the police sent people to Hall. One man told Adjutant would go home for wife. Did so, brought her to Hall and both found the Saviour. Eight surrenders.

People rushing to the Penitent-Form at Llanelly.

Sunday, all day.—Band, comrades, well to the front. Hall gorged. Hundreds turned away, dozens stand in doorway and down the aisles, and seated on Penitent-Form. Prayer-Meeting; everybody on fire, bursting forth in Welsh and English. People rushing to the Mercy-Seat for Salvation. Mother, daughter, husband, and wife come together. Twenty-one for Salvation—all new cases!

had an order from my leaders to attend a committee meeting, but I went upstairs to my bedside and Jesus told me not to go, so I wrote and said, 'I've done with it for ever.'

"I'm a red man now," he added, "I wear a red guernsey and I follow a red flag. But it has a yellow star in the middle, and a blue border—the meaning of these makes all the difference."

Leicester I—"Jesus hold me tight."

A man who had knelt at the drum-head and afterwards gave his testimony, at the close raised his hand to Heaven and prayed: "O Jesus, hold me tight."



Many thousands of people, of all classes, come to The Army in this and other lands. Where are YOU coming in?

From Communism to Salvationism—Wandsworth Citadel—The drunk and "The Star makes all the difference."

The thrilling testimony of a recent Convert at Norwich Citadel. Chosen by the "Reds" to be a "live cell," and to organize disaffection in whatever work he might be engaged upon, Brother Weeks, known locally as "The Red man," told of deliberate disturbance of Salvation Army Open-Airs and the rebuke of the Officers which had led up to his conviction and conversion.

"Yes," he added, "I've had as many as one thousand men following me in this city; but when Candidate Mann was going away to the Training Garrison, Major Kyle led me to God. I

at a late Open-Air outside a large public-house a tall young man (wearing a large bulldog) was spoken to by the Band Secretary and Lt.-Colonel Muirhead. The latter gave him an invitation to kneel at the drum-head, and with tears streaming down his face he knelt there surrounded by praying comrades. His old chums were anxious to get him back into the public-house with them, but Salvationists stuck to their capture and the crowd urged him to stick to The Army. A friend of the Corps who was deeply interested in the proceedings,

hearing that the new Convert lived at Walthamstow, offered to fetch his car and take him home if some Salvationists would go with him. This was accepted, so the capture was seen safely across London by the comrades, who spoke words of counsel with the man's wife and prayed with them and their little family. On their return journey they came across Leyton 11 comrades on a drunkards' raid. The first comrade they spoke to was the Corps Officer, the sister of the Wandsworth Commanding Officer, and she promised to link up the new Convert.

I.H.Q. Messenger Laid preparing for the Siege.

Lt. Commissioner Haines told of one of the lads employed at the Head Office of The Army Assurance Society, who had carefully practised eighty-seven times in order to be ready for the fray!

Starting the Siege with a rolling-pin at Beconree.

The lassie-Captain attracted by crowd gathered around doorway of house. Saw through window drunken man clutching terrified wife by hair, savagely beating her with rolling-pin. Failing to gain entrance through door Captain forced entry through window, heedless crowd's prediction she would be beaten to death.

Snatching rolling-pin from startled fellow Captain began vigorously to "lay it about" him, and this treatment slightly sobering him, ordered him to bed, and with prayer left him.

Following day Captain visited home and led wife-beater to God.

Siege begun and opening attack made with rolling-pin.

Balaam's Ass at Bradford.

An irate costermonger prodded his donkey into a state of "bronchial hysteria," and the poor little beast nearly lost his voice in trying to drown ours. We then treated the assembled populace to an oration on "Balaam and his ass," much to the discomfort of our poor friend the coster, who evidenced much confusion and shame as we tried to make him and others see the uselessness of fighting against God.

"The Devil's got the Wind up"—at Nottingham I.

Souls in every Meeting since Siege began at Nottingham I. Thirty-eight captures for weekend. Old and young alike catching Siege spirit. People "sitting up and staring," and the Devil's got the wind up.

Golden Sunshine

Do not keep the shades down, let the sunshine that tints the flowers and paints pictures on the autumn hillside shine into your private dwelling-place. Let the carpet fade, let the drapery become drab, let the Chesterfield look shabby, but do not allow your spirit to become drab and your mind to fade and your face to look shabby for the lack of sunshine that God is ever trying to push into your dwelling.

Do not draw the shades at the windows of your soul and shut out the sunshine of God's love—the sunshine with which He has tinted the ages with flowers of hope and filled history with worship; the sunshine with which He is even now ripening His harvest and putting the gold on the sheaves for the final reaping.

THE BIBLE AND THE ARMY

Stirring
Stories,
Striking
Articles
and
Special
Messages



The
Issue
will be
pro-
fusely
illus-
trated

THE ARMY AND THE BIBLE

(See "THE WAR CRY" NEXT WEEK)

Truthlets

We grow like that which we admire.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self.

Unless Jesus Christ is Lord of all He is not Lord at all.

If there is no good in a thing it is pretty safe to let it alone.

What I spent I had—what I kept I lost—what I gave I have.

Love never asks, how much must I do? but how much can I do?

It is our mission to give the whole Gospel to the whole world.

This is a lost world to be saved, and not simply an ignorant world to be educated.

Vernon Band on Tour

Truly it could be said of us, "We are seven," as we left our Hall on Sunday morning, November 20. Through the tall timbers we drove to Salmon Bench, twenty-five miles away, and by 11.15 we were in the midst of a real Salvation Army Meeting. Vocal and instrumental numbers, and ringing testimonies, filled up a pleasant hour. One sister stated after the Meeting that the last time she had heard The Army was in the Shetland Isles, some twenty-five years ago! "Tell it not in Gath," ye of the prairies, but when we left the schoolhouse where the Meeting had been held it was raining!

At 3 p.m. we gave a musical programme in the schoolhouse at Heywood's Corner, and what a time we had! Such choruses as "Walking with God," and "He loves everybody," went with a swing, but when "I love Him better every day," was started the people could not refrain from clapping their hands in true Army style. Talk about "music with a message!" Our friends had it that time; every item had a message in it. The Captain gave an inspiring address in closing.

During the day we came in contact with three families who had at one time been Salvationists. Not only were we able to bless the people with whom we came in contact, but we in turn were blessed. We arrived in Vernon just in time for our evening Open-Air Meeting. Lieutenant Mack having held the fort during the absence of the Band. The light combination is coming along very well under the leadership of Captain Buckley.



BRIGADIER SMITH,

The Trade Secretary makes some suggestions

WE have just received a supply of splendid Gramophone Records from London. Two marches by the International Staff Band—"Liberator" and "Flag of Freedom." Magnificent. Get one before they are all gone—you can't after.

Numerous enquiries have been made about the "Scout and Guard Diary for 1928." These are now to hand. A mine of information for all Scout and Guard workers. Pencil supplies in hinge of cover. Lay in a stock for your L. S. people.

Celluloid or Silk Book-marks. An ideal Christmas and all the year reminder. Just the thing for Company Guards to give their Juniors for Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas—why not a nice wall motto? More beautiful every year—a splendid selection. Also oval mottoes for desk or table. "Our God is able," "God is our Hope," etc., etc.

Have you seen our list of new Books? If not, be sure and send for one. We are quick to oblige.

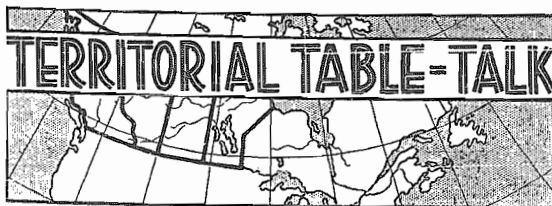
Now is the time to subscribe for overseas Army magazines. "Scout and Guard"—"The Warrior"—"Bandsman and Songster"—"All the World." Come along now—know The Army.

The new Primary Manuals are now in stock. Printed to take in three years' studies.

Officers and Soldiers bonnets; all sizes, and prices to suit all requirements.

It takes a great deal of heroism to live up to good resolutions, but the results are worth the effort.

You might as well try to cure small-pox by scenery, as to try to save the world by improvements of environment.



Winnipeg, December 1, 1927

THAT was a grateful remembering reference that Captain Jim Habkirk made on Sunday at Brandon to his former Regina Company Guard—now Captain Greig—stationed in South Africa.

An item of interest to Canadian Comrades is the promotion of Lt.-Colonel Thomas Hughes, of Philadelphia, U.S.A. The Colonel has well earned this rank, and the news gives much pleasure to Mother Habkirk of Winnipeg; Mrs. Hughes is the daughter of our veteran Comrade. Congratulations all round.

The Manitoba Free Press recalls an interesting event in the following manner: "Twenty-five years ago, November 28th, General Booth, coming to invade the North-West was bivouacked at Grand Forks, whither Brigadier Southall had gone to meet him; it was planned to complete the conquest of Calgary, and to place a strong garrison in the new Army Citadel there."

Ensign James Harrington is out of hospital we are glad to say, although not yet able to return to duty at T.H.Q.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead—Who ever to himself hath said—The Christmas "War Cry" I've not read—because I have not yet had a chance of purchasing a copy? What a shame!

We hear that the present severe weather—in certain parts of the Territory—has been making very difficult the work of the Subscribers' men. Our old friend, Adjutant Shaw has had some trying experiences, but such things do not daunt him.

Major Hector Habkirk recently addressed a Meeting of deaf and dumb friends at the Winnipeg "Y." The School Principal was a very sympathetic interpreter.

Major Oake has been engaged in important business in Brandon and elsewhere, and has been much away from T.H.Q. recently. He relates with considerable gusto the fact that some of the workers in The Army's first Financial Campaign in Brandon are still actively interested in similar Army undertakings.

We congratulate the Corps Cadets of Sherbrooke Street, Winnipeg, on the appointment of Capt. Annie Woods, of Grace Hospital, as Corps Cadet Guardian.

Lieutenant E. Wright, recently with the Subscribers' Department at Saskatoon, has taken a Corps appointment at Red Deer, Alta. We hear that he did some good things in his work at Saskatoon.

For the benefit of those who do not read "The War Cry" we take occasion to mention that next week's issue will be of particular interest—"The Bible and The Army." See special notices elsewhere.

We regret to hear that the continued ill health of Staff-Captain Harry Dray may make necessary a rearrangement of his recent appointment at Winnipeg Men's Social.

Renovations are the order of the day at St. James Citadel. The men-Comrades of the Corps are giving freely of their time and service, and the old Hall promises to present a much better aspect than of recent years. We hear a whisper that the Field Secretary paid a visit to the "Carpentering Bee" and nailed down his own plank.

We are pleased to introduce to readers of "Table Talk," a new member of the Editorial Staff, one Daniel Donore; we suggest that a careful study of his "Deliberations," and a working out of his advice will be helpful in many quarters.

"Their deeds do follow them." A certain Officer thought thus on Monday last on his return from Brandon, when at Portage la Prairie, his reading materials were roughly broken into by the strains of "Make way for the Victors." Adjutant Davies was boarding the train, and the girl Cadets had come down to speed her homewards.

The saintly Frances Ridley Havergal literally lived and moved in the Word of God. It was her constant solace, delight and inspiration.

It is related of her that on the last day of her life she asked a friend to read to her the forty-second chapter of Isaiah. When the friend read the sixth verse, "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thy hand and will keep thee," Miss Havergal stopped her.

"Called—held—kept—used," she whispered. "Well, I will just go home on that."

And she did "go home on that," as on a celestial chariot, and the home-going was a triumph, with an abundant entrance into the City of God. What word of God have you to go home on?

Salvationists' Supplies

	Price	Postage
Gramophone Records "International Staff Band." 10-inch; both sides. Marches "Flag of Freedom" and "Liberator".....	\$1.25	10c
Scout and Guard Diaries.....	.35	2c
Black Leather Bible Wallets—large size.....	6.50	15c
Bible and Book Marks, all sizes, Celluloid.....	.15c and 25c	postpaid
Bible and Book Marks, all sizes, Silk.....	.15c and 25c	postpaid
Mottos, all sizes.....	.5c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 45c, 50c and 60c	postpaid
Manuals for Primary Class.....	\$0.50	5c
Pictures for Primary Class.....	.85	5c
Manuals and Pictures Complete.....	1.25	10c
Magazines—"All the World" Monthly for One Year.....	1.25	postpaid
"Scout and Guard" Monthly One Year.....	.75	postpaid
"Warrior" Monthly, One Year.....	1.00	postpaid
"Bandsman and Songster" Weekly, One Year.....	1.75	postpaid
Bonnets for Officers.....	\$16.00 and 17.00	25c
Bonnets for Soldiers.....	\$12.50, \$14.00 and \$16.00	25c

Further price lists and particulars on application to the Trade Secretary, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Sherbrooke St. Home League

Mrs. Commissioner Rich Opens Successful Sale of Work

On Thursday, November 17, Mrs. Commissioner Rich opened the Sherbrooke St. Home League Sale, the event being a splendid success. Mrs. Rich was assisted by Mrs. Colonel Miller, Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Sims, and Mrs. Adjutant Mundy. We were interested in Mrs. Miller's remarks regarding the financing of the Home League and glad to hear Mrs. Mundy's solo. Mrs. Rich's Bible message blessed us much. After the Sale had been declared open much brisk business was done.

In the evening, Major and Mrs. Hector Habkirk presided over an interesting program of a varied nature. Selections by the Band, instrumental numbers by Bandsman Waksdahl, readings by Sergeant Wilson and Sister Mrs. Lawrence, interspersed with songs singing led by the Major with the assistance of his banjo, all contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. An amusing dialogue by the Corps Brigade of Cadets concluded the evening's programme. The proceeds of the Sale amounted to \$110. Great credit is due to Home League Secretary Mrs. Lawrence for her untiring efforts in connection with the effort. We also extend our sincere thanks to all who helped to make the event such a success. The weekly spiritual Meetings led by the Home League Secretary benefit the members in a marked fashion.—H.L. Cor. R.M.R.

The Field Secretary and Mrs. Brigadier Taylor at St. James

OWING to extensive renovations at the St. James Citadel on Queen Street, the Sunday Meetings were held in the Classic Theatre, and quite a number of new faces were seen in the audiences as a consequence.

In the Holiness Meeting Brigadier Taylor renewed acquaintances with us, he having been a Soldier of our Corps when he was Editor for Canada West; both he and Mrs. Taylor with their son Wilfred have become attached to our Corps as Soldiers again and they were warmly welcomed as such on Sunday morning. Ensign Garnett spoke in this service, and Mrs. Taylor read the Scripture lesson. As a result of the Brigadier's stirring address, we believe that many resolved to be truer and better servants of Christ.

In the Company Meeting we were delighted to have Mrs. Brigadier Taylor with us and her very interesting and descriptive talk was much appreciated as was evidenced by the applause she received. Our new P.S.M., Brother F. Harris, also gave the lesson in a splendid manner, captivating the Juniors' attention throughout.

A splendid crowd attended the Salvation Meeting, and an interesting gathering it was. After the opening exercises the Brigadier commissioned five new Local Officers of the St. James Corps, viz.: Captain Watt as Corps Cadet Guardian; Brother Fred Harris as Y.F.S.-M.; Bandsman Ed. Holmes as Scout Leader; and Sister Mrs. Ed. Holmes as Sunbeam Leader. We gave them all a hearty welcome into these phases of Army activity and the Brigadier dedicated them afresh for service. Mrs. Taylor read the Scripture lesson and Ensign Garnett soloed, after which the Brigadier, in his very able way, gave out the message of Salvation. Many were under deep conviction, and we are glad to say one brother was gloriously saved, while many others left the building with heavy hearts.

After the Prayer-Meeting the Converts of the week before gave testimony as to a victorious week, for which we thank God. We hope that our Field Secretary and his wife will visit us often, as they were truly channels of much blessing on this, their first visit to us.—F.H.

The Bible and The Army

Next week's issue will contain much valuable and interesting matter on this important subject.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters
London, England
Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

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Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Commissioner:

COLONEL CATHERINE BOOTH,
Leader of the Women's Social Work
in the United Kingdom.

EDWARD J. HIGGINS,
Chief of the Staff.

A Message from the Chief to The Army in Canada West

*Be desperate! Desperate in
your prayer, your public
speaking, in all your work
for God. Yours believing
Edw. Higgins*

THE COMMISSIONER

The special report of the Commissioner's weekend at Medicine Hat (See page 7) is a splendid indication of the adventuring spirit which is abroad in our midst; a refusal to act upon ordinary lines but to do the unusual, as for instance the torch-light reception. Light and glory are not far apart.

The Commissioner is continuing his tour in Alberta. He was at Lethbridge on Tuesday, at Coleman on Wednesday, Maelod on Thursday, Calgary on Friday, and we look for encouraging reports from all these five old Corps. Drumheller is also in our Leader's itinerary for the week-end, and our energetic correspondent there may be depended upon for a specially descriptive report.

COLONEL COOMBS

"And when He saw their faith."

It is with extreme gratitude to God that we hear of an improvement in the condition of Colonel Coombs. He is still very ill, but the doctors' reports are distinctly encouraging. This is surely an answer to prayer; let us continue to remember in faith our dear brother and Mrs. Coombs.

The Colonel has been greatly cheered by the very many kind letters he has received. Especially has he been upheld by affectionate messages from the General and Mrs. Booth, Commissioner Mapp, and our own Commissioner.

Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Adjutant Putt are also greatly touched by these thoughtful remembrances, and by the knowledge of the prayers of so many comrades, and ask that all may be assured of their deep appreciation of these things.

The General's Weekly Interview



Called: A Soul-Appealing Message

The Loving Call of
God and The Army
to All Wanderers,
which the General
asks Every Comrade
to Pass on for Him

"A WEEK of good news!" the General was saying—and his infectious optimism accorded well with the crisp brightness of the November morning. Nor was it the less noticeable because of the fact that whilst he spoke he was himself sandwiched between an exhausting journey to Glasgow and back, for the All-Night of Prayer there, and last-hour preparations for rapid weekend campaigns at Northampton and Coventry.

"Yes, we have had a week of good news. Things are still very mixed and very difficult in China, it is true, but amidst it all—and indeed in spite of it all—saving is going on. The intelligence from some parts of India is excellent—there is advance along the whole line. South Africa has given Commissioner and Mrs. de Groot a right royal start. They are terribly short of money, but even that—miserable as it always is—looks less serious when the people are getting converted! Among other parts of the world where there are signs of a rising tide of Salvation may be mentioned the southern part of the United States, New Zealand, Canada East, Germany, where I hope to be next week, and the new infant causes in Hungary and Latvia."

"All-Night!" Cries Answered

"This is a stimulating prelude, General, to the great effort in the Old Country. How do you regard the prospects here?"

"The Siege has started well, and, so far as I can judge, is already making a profound impression upon large parts of the population. In many cases, the Lord has answered the cries of the All-Nights even before they were uttered! People under conviction have been coming to the Halls in the daytime and pleading with God for mercy on the spot. The All-Night of Prayer in Glasgow, with the historic City Hall nearly filled the whole night through, offered a spectacle such as can scarcely ever have been seen in Scotland before. Can I ever forget the singing, the prayers, songs or the individual wrestling with God? The 'Night' so refreshed me, that I think I could have gone on, supported by the same holy influences, all day as well!"—and the General uttered a resounding "Hallelujah!"

"You indicated last week, General, that you had something further to say with respect to the wanderers from God and The Army."

"That is so. I have been much in thought about them—and especially I have been thinking about their difficulties." The General's face, like his voice, had become grave on the instant. He was all concern as he exclaimed, "What a sorrow the life of such a wanderer is—it is a calamity, it is a surrender! All the old, precious experiences of holy things are over; the happy communion with the saints, the fearless witnessing for Jesus, the stirring enterprises and the venturesome fights with the contending foe and the thrilling triumphs for the Cross are past and return no more!"

"Thinking of all this I have, too, been led to the reflection that many of them get a high example while they lived in the Lord's will and favor. We must not forget that. They were a credit to us and an honor to the Saviour who bought them with His Blood. And notwithstanding that they are now so far off, and so difficult, it is well for us to recall the good

they once did and the brave fight they once fought."

"And even today many of them are worthy of our esteem, are they not?"

"Yes, although in the wilderness, they have much in common with us who are in the ranks. They still believe in the divinity of our glorious Gospel; they still believe in The Army; they still believe that God loves sinners; they still have an affection for many of their former comrades, and the mention of 'the old Corps' which brought them to the fold' often brings tears to their eyes. Some whom I know personally, and others whom I know by repute, are precious to us as monuments of what God had done and proofs even yet of what He can do."

"Remember, I say, their fight in days gone by—how bold, how true, they were, some struggling against their own flesh and blood, others against persecution from without, not a few suffering even unto wounds and imprisonments for Christ. My heart is moved whilst I am talking to you!" added the General, pathetically. "Many sad faces come up before me—some the faces of those for whom I would give half a dozen weaklings any day!"

"And may I inquire about the practical conclusions you have come to for helping them?"

"Well, I have been searching in my own heart asking questions about these wandering sheep which apply to the whole Army: Have we really sought them? Have we succored them? Have we rallied to the side of the oppressed and overwhelmed? Have we, in the name of Jesus, bidden the captives of the world, the flesh, and the Devil to go free? Have we tried to open for them the gates of brass? Have we really loosed into the hostile evil that overcomes them and measured the sword of the enemy? Have we seen the huge waves of stormy trial that swept them off the Rock? It seems to me only right that we should ponder all this a little more thoughtfully. And then, surely—Oh, my God, surely!—this will make us pray for them, and seek them, and in Christ's stead beseech them and bring them home! Manifestly the General's soul was deeply stirred, and he paused ere he continued:

"Much of the difficulty experienced by these wanderers in coming back arises from the unhappy fact that their backslidings has reduced their powers for goodness. When men get into the way of doubting God, and give up prayer, and lose their hold on the Unseen, they lose also the ability to believe Him and take hold of Him. Those who do not pray, soon come to feel they cannot pray; those who do not resist evil, quickly lose the power to resist. Thus the God-forsakers gradually lapse into the condition of fotsam and jetsam carried this way and that by the tides of selfishness or impurity or unbelief that surge around them."

"But"—this in a tone of immense relief—"they can be restored! Let us set forth at this favoring hour with that as our great and guiding thought. Salvation means restoration. It is a gracious work—it is God's work—but in that work we have a part to play. In order to carry it out, let me note a little more in detail

(Continued on page 9)

Our New Commissioner

The Founder's Eldest Granddaughter
First of the Third Generation
to Attain that Rank

WE have much pleasure in announcing that the General has promoted Colonel Catherine Booth to the rank of Commissioner.

This will afford genuine satisfaction not only to those Officers and other comrades who fight under her direction in the Women's Social Work of the United Kingdom, of which she is the honored leader, but to Salvationists in every branch of the service the world over.

For a long period laid aside by a trying and serious illness, and with great uncertainty in the minds both of her parents and the doctors as to



Commissioner Catherine Booth.

which way her sickness would go, it came as a relief to all who knew her, nearly a couple of years ago, to learn that her health was so far restored as to make it possible for her to take up the very onerous duties attached to the position to which the General appointed her—a position which time has already proved her to be eminently fitted to hold.

Held in Affectionate Remembrance

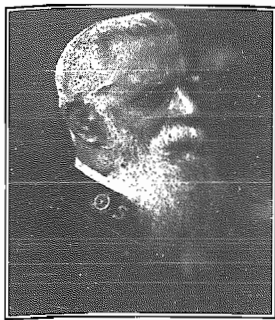
The eldest of the Founder's grandchildren, the eldest of the General's children, and the first of the third generation of Booths to attain her new rank, Commissioner Catherine, since becoming an Officer, has gained valuable experience on the Field, in the Training of Cadets—scores of whom will ever retain an affectionate remembrance of her interest in them in the life and work of the Garrison—as an International Under Secretary, and later as International Secretary at International Headquarters for the European Territories.

The Commissioner's present appointment is in itself a fact of some significance, in the responsibilities which it carries with it for the direction of those valued and fast-increasing departments of work for and amongst women in the establishment and conducting of which her mother played so important and devoted a part.

Every Salvationist will earnestly pray God, bless Commissioner Catherine!

And none will join more heartily in these prayerful expressions than Army Comrades in Canada West, especially those who know her best. Come over and see us, say we.

Comrades of the Musical
Fraternity will excuse us
this week for the omission
of their page owing to the
number of reports from the
Field.



Commissioner Edward Higgins

The Father of The Chief-of-the-Staff

in many European countries whose confidence in Army affairs was steadily by contact with this Pillar of our Cause. Many who speak with glad memory of their association with him.

India claimed his service through some years. It was a brave thing he did at his time of life to answer the call of the General towards that great Eastern Empire. Indian Officers speak with pride of the winning graciousness that he brought to his position as the Resident Indian Commissioner. His kindly thoughtfulness for all—Indian and Western alike. Clad in his flowing red coat and be-turbaned he became a familiar figure in many important and in many humble places, and as the "Burra Sahib" he is

remembered throughout our ranks in the Dependency with grateful affection.

Following those Indian days came the command of Scotland—we write merely from our own recollection and with no official records in our memory. The joy of our Scottish Comrades under such a leader was great indeed. And then came the night and morning which flashed across our thoughts when we sat down to write this sketch.

A Sainted Veteran

Well do we remember when the City of London stayed its noonday rush to allow of the Commissioner's passing to his grave in Abney Park; the eloquently uttered tribute paid to the sainted veteran

by our then Chief-of-the-Staff, our present General, in the great Congress Hall. We think again of the filial expressions uttered by the grave-side that day by the son, now our Chief-of-the-Staff, and who is coming so soon into our midst here in Canada West. . . .

My Comrades, such was the first Commissioner Higgins, and is it any wonder that the son of the beloved old stalwart is the centre of so much Army affection; that he is regarded as one of the great men of our ranks; that his loyalty to our General and to The Army is world-known; and that all who know him and hear of his coming say—Hail to the Chief!

But we forbear, staying only to say as we look again on the photo of the promoted old warrior, the first Commissioner Higgins—"Let us now praise famous men."

THE COMMISSIONER at Medicine Hat

Stirring Campaign—Unusual Tactics

Just as we go to Press, we hear of the successful weekend which the Commissioner has spent with the Corps at Medicine Hat; and from which we gather that a great march forward is being made by The Army in that famous centre.—Ed.

WHEN the Commissioner stepped from the train on Saturday evening he was received by an enthusiastic crowd, and by a torch-light procession of Young People, who escorted him to the Ha!; naturally arousing the interest and attention of the numerous Cystanders and citizens. Upon arrival at the Citadel our Leader charged the happy crowd with hopeful words for the fight of the morrow.

The Sunday Meetings were marked indelibly by the Hand of God; we felt His presence "more abundantly." This was especially so in the Holiness Meeting, when four Comrades were moved by His Holy Spirit towards higher things and publicly thus consecrated themselves.

Those who have heard the Commissioner lecture will understand what a choice treat the afternoon Meeting would be. We were privileged in the chairmanship of Mr. A. F. Andrews, an old-timer and a greatly respected citizen of The Hat. A splendid crowd of influential folk supported our good friend. This demonstration and lecture cannot but result in added good to the local work of The Army.

At night we had a full house. The Commissioner's stirring messages fell on well prepared hearts, and brought encouragement and conviction to many gathered with us; we were compelled to give glory for the seekers who responded.

On Monday, after a meeting with the Kiwanis Club, our Leader drove seven miles through a prairie blizzard to conduct a Meeting at Redcliffe, the Outpost, where a fine crowd gathered, in spite of the inclement weather.

Back again to Medicine Hat—through the same blizzard and biting cold—for a Soldiers' Tea and Meeting; a season of comradely inspiration such as those in which the Commissioner excels. And then the illustrated lecture. This Meeting did not pass as the pictures faded across the screen, but again and again our Leader pressed the claims of God upon the crowd. Many were the words of appreciation, but most pleasing to us were the words of determination to make a more desperate attack on the strongholds of evil.

The weekend—the long looked-for weekend—has passed away as an event, but not as an inspiration. Keep your eye upon "The Hat". "Greater things than these" may well be our prophecy of the immediate future.—Adj. T. Mundy.

A DISTINGUISHED looking figure and an engaging personality was removed from the ranks of The Army on earth in 1907, when Commissioner Higgins the Elder, father of our present Chief-of-the-Staff was promoted to Glory. The call came with tragic suddenness—if that be the correct way to speak of the translation of a warrior of God. He was, at the time, the Commissioner in charge of Scotland; full of plans for much usefulness in that realm of active Salvationism.

On retiring to his room at night, he had remarked to an Officer Comrade on his well known habit of "tidying up each night." Indeed he did so not only in a spiritual sense, as those who remember him best would well know, but in the manner even in which he arranged his day clothes, and tidied up his accounts and his diary of the past day.

The next morning revealed this so well. The same Officer, going to the old warrior's room, and getting no response to her calls, entered but to find a well ordered apartment, and the form of the old saint still in death. "Tidied up" indeed.

Such is the passing of those who cheerfully spend their days in the service of God, and face calmly, and await serenely—tidily—the ever expected home call.

We may be allowed a phrase of Army affection when we say that "old Commissioner Higgins was a splendid old man." He was that indeed. Tall and stately, as we remember him in our boyish days; the first "Staff Officer from London" that we had ever seen. Rugged, yet genial of countenance; more than paternal in his manner to all; and eloquent beyond the average of those days. How we used to look forward to his visits to our Corps, and in the after years of our Officership, how we valued his graciously kind counsel.

Victorious Uncertainty

Commissioner Higgins came into The Army service in the days when obloquy and scorn were our daily portion; from a comfortable business assurance he stepped to the side of the Founder on a path of victorious uncertainty, and, as so many others did, on to a highway of world-wide usefulness in the Heavenly service. Thousands were the miles he travelled on the financial affairs of The Army; and in public and private his eloquent appeals won an answering support. Up and down, up and down the Old Lands over and over again. Times of financial distress, so it seemed to us, found him unperturbed in his great faith in God and love for The Army and our Founder.

To Wider Service

Then the call to wider service, and in many lands he became known as one of our stalwarts. There are those in Canada, the States, Africa, Australasia, and

A Study in Juxtaposition
Joyful Service for God vs. Sorrowful
Service in the World Demonstrated
at Winnipeg Citadel!

"I am just out of the Penitentiary after serving three years, and I mean to go straight, hand-in-hand with God, from now on."

"I was a Bandman for many years in the Old Land, but I have wandered away from God's care and keeping for some years now. When my brother dealt with me about my soul tonight I remembered the trust I made with

my wife on her deathbed, and have come back to endeavor to prepare to meet her in Heaven."

"Eleven weeks ago I suffered a serious accident, and had to have my arm amputated at the shoulder, but although maimed in body I believe God can cleanse my sins and heal my soul." (This from a sixteen-year-old boy.)

"Two years ago I turned my back on God, but never once, during that time, has He left off striving with me, and tonight I have been forgiven all, and mean to stick this time."

The above are just some of the disturbing things the Devil heard at the close of Sunday's Meetings at Winnipeg Citadel, when a large body of Soldiers and Officers were found rejoicing and thoroughly enjoying themselves in so doing over six seekers for Salvation.

The Meetings during the day were in charge of Brigadier and Mrs. Carter, a Brigade of Cadets, and the Citadel Brigade of Corps Cadets. "The help I have received from Corps Cadetship," was the theme used by several Cadets during the day, when



MRS. COMMISSIONER E. J. HIGGINS

ENTERED ARMY SERVICE from the beautiful little town and Corps of Penarth, in South Wales, and is well remembered in many parts of Britain for her service as Captain Cassie Price; in those years when the women Officers of The Army were making conquests for the Kingdom and blazing the trail for their sisters and daughters of these days.

In the days of the Chief-of-the-Staff's service in the United States she ably filled the position of Women's Social Secretary, and afterwards did much to place on its present splendid footing the Home League of The Army in Great Britain—she was the National Home League Secretary for a number of years. She has visited in Army service the U.S.A., several countries of South America, Canada, China, Japan, and Korea, and many European countries. For several years she has been in charge of the War Graves Visitation Department at I.H.Q., a work which has brought much joy to sorrowing hearts.

We are glad to know she is coming to Canada with the Chief-of-the-Staff, and that so many Comrades and friends will have an opportunity of making and renewing acquaintance with her.

they were called upon to speak, and timely and helpful and varied experiences were related.

On Saturday night the Cadets poured forth in song and testimony their tale of Salvation gladness and their, with us, were bound to be encouraged over the results—four seekers, two of them backsliders, for whom many prayers have been offered.

The Corps Cadet Brigade, with Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Nelson, had charge of the final Meeting of the weekend on Monday night, and a good time ensued.—J.R.W.



"The Young Folk They'll Fight Too!"

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. MILLER LEAD
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DAY AT BRANDON



MOST decidedly it was the Day for the Young Folk and they demonstrated this fact both volubly and deliberately. Volubly by means of the "Call Out The Army" chorus, and deliberately during the solemn moments of the Prayer and Victory Meeting with which we concluded the Day.

Memories of last year's wonderful Young Peoples' Day filled the minds of many; those wonderful hours when Jesus made Himself "a living, bright reality" to so many souls. Memories which served to bestir our faith and kindle our hopes.

The Saturday night welcome supper was excellent in its gracious hospitality and so thoroughly Brandonian. We were in good spirits, but not so exuberant in our coming together as to lose the sense of the Holy Day ahead.

Flowing of Tears

The stirring Open-Air Meeting which called out the Young Folk preceded the "homey" welcome indoors. Lively songs and apt testimonies from visiting and home delegates gave us cause to praise God for the spiritual fluency of our young comrades. Staff-Captain Steele was all alert in the singing moments—with his friend the Editor willingly assisting. Lt.-Colonel Sims had his usual warm salute; while both the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller put our feet in the right direction for the morrow.

Just an aside to say that Sgt.-Major Dinsdale came up smiling and gave us his cheery blessing once more.

Sunday dawned too early for some of us, and not bright enough for any of us. It was a raw morning and some of the

atmosphere had found its way into the Council Hall, but it soon became necessary to open the windows in more senses than one. In fact the Heavenly windows were opened as we sang to the tune of "Everybody should know";

*"Showers of blessing for me,
The windows of Heaven are open,
And the blessing is coming to me."*

Colonel and Mrs. Miller gave a splendid study in collaboration in their united portraiture of some "Youthful Heroes." Mrs. Miller's readings were a fine background for the Colonel's pictures of famous youthful heroism. Not only were these numerous Biblical allusions quick to be seen and held by the Young People, but out of his rich store of experience and anecdote, the Colonel gave us many a catching illustration, all tending to the central theme of the day.

Thrill of Adventure

The afternoon came and the weather seemed to suit us better; our spirits were not quite so touchy and Lt.-Colonel Sims started us off with a happy "Feel like singing" song: (we had already been doing our bit of that "Call out The Army" chorus—Staff-Captain Steele and Junior Bramwell Hoddinott competing for honors in forceful volubility)—and the returned Brandonites, Captain Elsie Yallett and Captain Jim Habbirk—both welcomed vociferously—spoke to us: the former on "Corps Cadetship from the standpoint of an Officer," and the latter on "Why I am an Officer." We certainly wish we could give both addresses in full. Ensign M. Houghton gave us some helpful news from the Life Saving aspect of our

work. Choruses and songs all came in their happy order, while Lt.-Colonel Sims and Lt.-Colonel Joy brought us back again to the central theme of the Day, "Heroism in the cause of The Army and Jesus Christ." Two fine stories these men told, both with their thrill of adventure, quite different in incident, but wonderfully alike in Salvationist sentiment and spirit.

The night Meeting had been in our expectations all day. The Chief Secretary gave us the start; this time with the best and most thrilling of youthful adventures—the Boy Jesus Himself.

Ensign Houghton's solo had its own distinctive appeal and truly blessing and inspiring was Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele's prayer. But Mrs. Miller's address, given with so much old-time vim, and yet with a tender motherliness, moved us Penitent-Farm wards.

The consecration moments were sacred to many, and then Lt.-Colonel Sims began an inspired time of Prayer and Victory

Lively Songs—Apt Testimony

No great rush; no apparent troubling of the waters at first, but by and by, the barrier went crashing; tears were flowing, and more than once that sacred Mercy-Seat was lined with sobbing and deliberate seekers. Again and again the Colonel essayed to "change the Meeting," but right to the end there were anxious ones coming forward, and the "Young Folk, they fought too."

And so we say again, it was a real Young Folk's Day, and one we shall remember.

Adjutant White and Captain Williamson of Brandon, and Captain F. Houghton and Lieut. Parr of Virden; Capt. and Mrs. Johnson of Neepawa and Lieut. Jones of Dauphin are keen to follow on the spirit and prompting of the Day. We mention these Corps because of their direct representations at the Meetings; but we know that all the Comrades who were present have these promptings in mind and heart, and so God speed the Young Folk.

The Finish of the Campaign

Colonel Miller, with Mrs. Miller, concluded his special week-end at Brandon in a manner befitting the main part of the campaign.

Special engagements and important business appointments occupied him during Monday morning and in these Corps and Social affairs were equally concerned.

On Monday afternoon the Officers of the city and district met in council. We understand the various addresses gave added interest and importance to this gathering.

Lecture on the Founder

The finale to the Campaign - always an interesting item of Brandon Y.P. Day, this year took the form of a lecture by the Chief Secretary, "General Wm. Booth, The Founder." Lecturer, subject and illustrations served to make the evening pleasant and profitable.

Lt.-Colonel Sims and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele remained with Colonel and Mrs. Miller for these "extra" events and naturally added to the specialness of the occasion and of course "The Young Folk they fought too."

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE! With what excited and believing feelings we stepped off the train on Saturday afternoon; and no small measure of nervousness. The latter, however, was soon dispelled by the warm welcome which was extended to us by Adjutant and Mrs. Sharp. Everything was ready, and we were soon making ourselves at home—in true Cadet fashion.

Our operations began almost at once. On the streets ten girls and their leader, equipped with tambourines and megaphone. How the folks stared, and how we enjoyed ourselves. And so we did at the splendidly comfortable billets in which we later found ourselves.

A rousing Open-Air Meeting, followed by the indoor event, when song, testimony, solo, etc., etc., followed each other in quick succession, and when, best of all, one backslider returned to the Fold.

Say, they put in bustling weekends at Portage! First thing Sunday morning up bright and early—for Knee-drill, we presume—and then off to the Goal. A new experience that, for some of us; but one where our hearts went out to our audience. We had many sacred and compelling thoughts during our time in that institution. Following this another rousing Open-Air Meeting, and it needed to be a rousing one too, for we stood in deep snow, but that did not diminish our ardour, but only put us in good trim for the Holiness Meeting.

In the afternoon our first engagement was at the Custodial Home. Here again our hearts were much touched, and we counted it no small privilege to bring some cheer into the joyless lives of those present. One

"THE VICTORS" at PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

A Brigade of Women-Cadets have a Jubilant Week
at this Historic Prairie Corps.

Cadet, who sought occasion to leave the room for a few moments, was greatly dismayed to find us all locked in—but the dismay was not of long duration. However, we trust that the "Shut-ins" still remember us.

Back again to the Citadel for a few minutes at the Company Meeting, and then off to the Native Indian Village, where we were advertised for an engagement. As soon as our cars here in sight, one of the villagers began to ring the church bell, to call together the congregation. He was assisted in these praiseworthy efforts

by Adjutant Sharp and Ensign Haines in the rendering of a musical deed from the steps of the church. A lovely time in the church followed, and we believe our songs and testimony will bear fruit.

Away back to the town again. Weren't we just kept on the rush, and didn't we just enjoy it! Another lively Open-Air Meeting, and a splendid time indoors, resulting in one dear soul at the Mercy-Seat.

On Monday morning we continued the Campaign. Visitation this time.

And how splendidly we were received, even better than at some of the homes in Winnipeg. House-to-house visitation in the morning, and school-visitation in the afternoon, which led up to the children's Meeting in the early evening. Two of our party dressed as Chinese women added to the amusement of our lively congregation.

Monday evening was devoted to our famous program, "The Army Symbols," and the concluding seven solos at the Mercy-Seat proved once again that a Meeting of this character can be used directly to the Salvation of souls.—Ar. Tee.

All through the week the fire has been burning; we have had stirring times; in our visitation, in our Open-Air Meetings and in the Junior and Senior indoor Meetings. All the time getting nearer to the weekend, and believing more and more for the mighty times of the Sunday. We were not disappointed.

The Second Weekend

Saturday evening arrived—the second Saturday of the Campaign—with tambourines jingling, drum beating, and torches flaring. One proud member of the welcoming procession is a gaily caparisoned dog, pulling a sleigh on which was the drum. And all this to welcome Adjutant Davies.

Those of us who had spent the previous Sunday in the city knew something of the programme which was before us, and the good crowd in the Saturday indoor Meeting, with the one soul at the front, whetted our appetite for the full programme.

Again the first Meeting sang, and how quickly they took up our choruses. And then the chair at the front, and soon a dear fellow kneeling there, in response

(Continued on page 9)



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

November 30th, 1902:

A TREMENDOUS volley, fired with tambourines, wind instruments and a thousand exultant voices, greeted a tall, spare old man with a seamed face and flowing beard who, looking bright-eyed over an audience that packed pit and balcony of the Winnipeg theatre, was introduced as General William Booth, Founder and Commander of The Salvation Army.—"Manitoba Free Press."

"The Victors" at Portage La Prairie (Continued from page 8)

to the simple but earnest appeals of the girl Cadets.

But the clock moves quickly, and after making our distribution of the "War Cry" we hurry away to the Open-Air Meeting, and thence to the Holiness Meeting. Here God moves amongst us as the Revealer and the Sanctifier, and we close this Session with twelve young men seeking Him.

What is the old axiom—"After dinner rest awhile"; that surely does not apply to Portage La Prairie Sundays. For two o'clock found us singing heartily to a crowd of two hundred and fifty at the Old Folks' Home. "Whosoever heareth"—a good old song at that; one old gentleman sings the second verse in a quavering but sweet tone; the third verse is soloed by an invalid sister; and then the chorus in full volume. Included in our call is a visit to a dear old lady aged one hundred and four years, who very sweetly receives our little gift of candy.

Now we speed again to the Indian village, where by means of the same old bell, the villagers are being called to our gathering. We shake hands with the stately chief; nod to the women in their picturesque black silk shawls and head scarves; and soon the Meeting is in full swing. We tell a story to the solemn faced children, who are taking full note of everything and giving each other nudges when something special takes their attention.

Once more our joy is full, for when the invitation is given four women respond, and are with us at the front, kneeling before God.

The evening Prayer-Meeting at the Citadel precedes the Open-Air event. Then the Salvation Meeting, followed by one of the best of Prayer-Meetings. Here the visitation of the week begins to show fruit, until we are rejoicing over twelve seekers. What a sight, those closing moments. Cadets, Corps Cadets, Candidates, Bandsmen, Soldiers, Officers, and our new Convert-comrades crowding around the Flag, and with hands uplifted—with tears streaming down our joyous faces—we sing reverently, "I'll follow Thee, of life the Giver."

The days or miracles are not past, and we return to the Garrison with overflowing hearts, whispering amidst the chatter of the day coach, and whilst the train moves over the snow-covered land—"We thank Thee, Lord."—(Ee. Dee).

The Blood of Jesus Christ Cleanseth from ALL Sin



CALLED

(Continued from page 6)

some of the causes which operate to keep men and women estranged from God and their comrades.

"In the case of many of the best of them, there is a kind of natural shame. This is a big difficulty to overcome. They are ashamed to have failed Jesus Christ and The Army; ashamed of much that has happened since they went away from Him; and so they seek to hide themselves, to stand out of the light. This difficulty we must fight by hunting them up, and making them realize how Christ regards their conduct. How did He treat Peter—poor, weak, God-denying Peter? How did He treat Thomas? With what condescending humility He asked poor, doubting Thomas to place his hands in His Side and to note the prints of the nails in His Hands! We shall only get over this shame and fear by the same kind of tactics—by humbling ourselves for their sakes in order that we may induce them to draw near and see and feel that, with their dear, forsaken Master, we also love and yearn for them.

God the Overcomer

"Numbers wander away from God and The Army through frictions and disagreements of one kind and another. These people are often most difficult to influence because they have made some foolish promise that they will not do this or that thing unless someone else does the other thing. Here is a matter for prayer as well as personal appeal. I have sometimes been successful, though not always, by bringing together the two parties who are at loggerheads. But the supreme appeal for this class is again Jesus Christ Himself. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

It was this that brought His victory. He trod His foes beneath His feet by Himself being trodden down! It is better to be overcome by God than to overcome Him. Make them see and feel this!

"Then it frequently happens that those who have wandered from us have got themselves into circumstances which make their return to God and The Army undoubtedly difficult, involving, as it sometimes does, the lives of others. I shall never forget a woman to whom I spoke in a Meeting in a north-country town saying to me, with deep anguish in her voice, when I pleaded with her to come back: "Go to Charley, sir! I was a good girl when we were married, and prayed and read my Bible, and loved The Army. It is Charley who has done it—go and ask him!" And when I asked Charley, he practically admitted it all, but declared that "it was no use," as he had now "got many bets out," and it would be dishonorable to throw them up! In short, the Devil had caught him in a trap and was sure to do his utmost to prevent his escape. For such as these there is only one way of deliverance—THEY MUST COME RIGHT OUT! God will help them."

The General could stay no longer, except to conclude with the moving heart-cry:

"I wish I could reach the ear of every wanderer during these Siege days! If I could speak with them by some as yet undiscovered wireless means, how gladly I would do so! Well, may I not speak to them through my dear Comrades who will read this interview. And what, in a word, should I say? I think I should say:

(Continued foot of column 4)

"Winter has no Terror for Salvationists" An Impression in the "Herald", Swift Current

SUNDAY afternoon last. Snow falling and swirling in thick flakes deepening the drifts on thoroughfares already covered with a soft, fleecy white blanket. A drab and dreary day, with the wind moaning through bare leafless trees—nature in a sullen mood; the prairie, as far as eye can see, sodden with greyness and bleakness. How warm and mellow it is in the living room as I gaze out of the window, silver streaked with crystal fantasies of frost. Home is so enticing on a day like this. What's this coming up the street leading to the hospital? Straggling along in two's and threes; carrying musical instruments, gleaming, dully; heads muffled. I see several youngsters in the straggling group; yes, they too carry band instruments. Three or four of them are but tiny tots hardly over the 'teen age. What brings them out on a day like this? Ah, yes, I know. Why it's The Salvation Army Band, blood-and-fire; making its weekly Sunday trip in fine weather or inclement weather—to play for the patients. I hear them! Victor Herbert or Sousa would not go into raptures over the technique or harmony of this band. What does it matter? Good old fashioned hymnal! Trying to bring a little sunshine into the hearts of those who are ill and helpless. The horns sound frozen. Their hands must be cold; they stamp their feet noisily between selections. It really is so nice and comfortable in this room; I watch them lazily and my thoughts are far away. I have seen them in the east end of London—sordid slums, sordid with poverty. The same poem! poem pah! I saw them in France, I saw them in Belgium—during the war. I have written home on Salvation Army stationery: I have been grateful for "sausages and eggs" in the S. A. hutments; I have been warmed with hot tea and a flag under dripping sheet iron roofs, served by Salvation Army workers. I still see them day in and day out. It didn't surprise me to hear their arctic sounding music on that cold afternoon, at the hospital. That little Salvation Army Band; in Swift Current, too.

"Remember, you are CALLED! No matter what has happened, you are among those who have been called by God. The Call is still there—the Call of Jesus Christ, who bought you with a price of infinite suffering and precious Blood. Nothing can change that! Nothing can take away that solemn appeal! Nothing can silence that Divine Call! Yes, again I say:

"You are called of God to take your stand with Him, to fill the place which He has appointed for you down here, and join the throng up yonder who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb!"

H. L. TAYLOR, Lt.-Colonel



ARMISTICE SUNDAY IN LONDON

1.—Mrs. General Booth, Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp and other Officers at the Trafalgar Square Remembrance Service. 2.—Passing the Cenotaph. 3.—Part of the great crowd in Trafalgar Square—Regent Hall Bandsmen in the foreground.

The 37th South American (East) Congress

THE many Comrades of Canada West who, with much affection, remember Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner, will be glad to hear of doings in the South American (East) Territory under their command.

"We have just concluded," writes Major Palaci, Editor of the "War Cry," "our 37th Annual Congress, held in Buenos Ayres, and can truly say that it has been great and glorious. Colonel Clark, the International visitor, was warmly welcomed and his reference to the interest of the General in the Territory was acclaimed with enthusiasm.

"The Demonstration in the Prince George Hall attracted a great crowd which filled that large Hall and it is considered this was one of the best Meetings we have ever had. The sessions of Officers' Meetings were instructive, inspiring and blessed seasons. The marches through the streets in the very heart of the business part of the city, were the best we have seen and the general public was much impressed. The last Meeting of all was, according to the opinion of most Comrades, that of Wednesday night when 164 Senior and 122 Junior Soldiers were enrolled. The enthusiasm and fervor which characterised this gathering was beyond description. Never have we seen anything like it in our city. The newly enrolled Soldiers are the result of the recent campaigns held in some of the Corps of this city during the last three or four months.

"Our Leaders, Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Turner, are a real inspiration to us and they have kindled the fire of faith and enthusiasm in our hearts. We are in for the most glorious and victorious epoch in our history."

An Untold Episode

Colonel Allister Smith has talked a good deal of his Army experiences in Africa and Australasia since his return, but it has been left to the New Zealand "War Cry" to relate this episode:

"Perhaps the most intense moment of the tour was connected with the Colonel's visit to Pakatoka. The launch had drawn up to the landing-stage, and the Colonel, on jumping ashore, slipped and fell backward into the water. Happily, the efforts of the launch man prevented his being crushed between the launch and the pier, and eventually landed him safely. Before two hours had elapsed the Colonel declared that he was feeling as fit as a fiddle. Clothed in a suit of uniform borrowed from Field-Major Home, he again boarded the launch and paid a visit to Roto Roa. Later, on arriving at Auckland, he enjoyed immensely the experience of being introduced as a Field-Major."

No matter how high or how lowly you may be, you are a hand-washer, as Pilate was, if you refuse to shoulder your share of any responsibility.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, nor ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.

A Double-Loss

Rugby, England, surely possesses a very rare individual—a saloon keeper who refuses to allow "War Cry" Boomers to sell The Army's papers on his premises, for in many public-houses the presence of our Comrades is as warmly welcomed by the landlord as by his customers. Describing what happened at Rugby a correspondent says:

"On Saturday evening, our 'War Cry' Boomers called upon a saloon keeper who stands alone in the whole town in his refusal to allow the 'Good Old Cry,' as so many call it, to be sold to his customers. Upon entering the bar as usual our Comrades were told that they must not sell any more papers inside, and must clear out. Immediately six of his customers told the proprietor that if that was so then they too, would clear out, and he would lose their custom. They not only carried out their threat, but cancelled the orders for drink which had already been given.

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore and of Dorcas his Wife



Styremup Mansions, Suite A.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am taking my pen in hand to write this letter, hoping it will find you on the top, as it leaves me at present, and to let you know I am right on the job and tickled to death with it. I am not as young as I used to be and neither is my Missus, and not much used to writing, but I want you to know there is life in the old dog yet; and I am going to put some pep into this department. None of your 'five o'clock men for me,' if I have to pay my own electric light bills, I'll stay with the job until its finished.

I wish you could have seen my Missus—Dorcas Domore, her name is, when I told her I'd been appointed on the staff of "The War Cry." "Thank God for that!" she said, "now we shall get something worth reading."

You mustn't be offended Mr. Editor, she doesn't mean any harm, its only her way. I've only heard her find fault with one thing in the "Cry" so far, and that is the small print of the Corps reports. She says she can't read anything that our young Dan—Captain Dan Jr. you know—and our Dinah, Lieut. Dinah, that is—put in from their Corps. But, of course, there's a reason for it, as I tell her.

She says—she has just said it—"Oh Dan! don't write any more such stuff or you'll get your column in small print, and that won't suit your pride." Now I ask you, Brother Editor, is that nice?

But you should have seen the way she grabbed that list of Corps "War Cry" sales and the things she said; quite violent she was. I asked her "Whose job is it? Yours or mine." My didn't she flare up.

She says, "Anything to do with The Army is my job."

So that's that. I could say more, only I want to preserve the peace of our happy suite.

Subjoined and attached and given herewith are my deliberations for this week. I shall be glad to hear from you in reply to the same.

It is no good; I thought I would be allowed to manage this job by myself, but Dorcas insists on putting in her spoke, so I must just let her do it. Maybe, after all, it will be for the best. There have

been one or two occasions when she has helped me out of a difficulty, and many more when she thinks she has done so.

Her first scream of delight was over a note just to hand from Staff-Captain Tuttle, of Regina D.H.Q., in which he intimates that Shaunavon orders ten additional "War Cry" copies per week. So Shaunavon will go down to posterity as the first of the "Domores"—for Dorcas declares she will take out adoption papers for all Risers. Well, blessings on the heads of Captain Martin and Lieutenant Nichol.

I've decided, this on my own initiative, (I'm not sure about the spelling of that word) to mention the leading Corps in each Division; in the hope that some ambitious spirit may be led to deeds of daring. Well, here they are:

Manitoba and N.W. Ontario:-	
Winnipeg 1-Adj. and Mrs. Acton.....	400
Pt. William—Capt. and Mrs. King.....	325
Kenora.....	210
North Saskatchewan:-	
Saskatoon 1—Ens. and Mrs. Capon.....	360
Pr. Albert—Ens. and Mrs. Fugelsang.....	328
N. Battleford—Capt. and Mrs. Chapman.....	245
South Saskatchewan:-	
Regina 1-Adj. and Mrs. G. Mundy.....	475
Moone Jaw—Adj. and Mrs. F. Merritt.....	400
Medicine Hat—Capt. Littlely and Stevenson.....	255
Alberta:-	
Calgary 1-Adj. and Mrs. Junker.....	525
Edmonton 1—Ens. and Mrs. Collier.....	425
Lethbridge—Adj. and Mrs. Huband.....	310
South B.C.:-	
Victoria—Comdt. and Mrs. Jones.....	420
Vancouver 1-Adj. and Mrs. Cubitt.....	375
Vancouver 2—Ens. and Mrs. Rea.....	225
North B.C.:-	
Fr. Rupert—Capt. and Mrs. Stobart.....	75

I would like to say, dear Mr. Editor, that there are some Comrades who run the foregoing very close, and it will be my unbounded pleasure to mention them to you "In dispatches" if I can get their solemn promise to rise to the level of the present "Mighty Threes." As soon as I get into my usual style "Humph!" says the wife I will do better.

Meanwhile Dorcas says that next time I'll please "phone" because she will be just delighted to have them up to supper. You see, Calgary 1 is the top "War Cry" Corps for the Territory, and Dorcas does like "being in with the heads."

Yours in the dear old Army,
Daniel Domore, Envoy.

P.S.—Dear, dear! Mrs. Domore thinks (and so do I) that mention should be made of two other increases which came in just on the eve of our (no my) appointment. Biggar, Captain and Mrs. Blue, 15; and Calgary III, Captain Watt and Lieut. Lapp, 10. Good for the "Over-comers" say I—D.D.

P.P.S.—Please send me a supply of writing paper and some voucher forms. —D.D.

WHAT IS SAVING FAITH?

The faith that saves speaks thus: "I am a great sinner, I deserve to be sent to Hell; but God has promised to forgive me if I come to Him by repentance and faith. I do thus come to Him, and I do repent of my sins and submit myself to His authority. I believe that Jesus Christ died for me, and I cast myself upon His mercy, and believe according to His promise that He receives, forgives, and loves me, and that He does all this for me just now."

STRANGLE LITTLE SINS

On the slope of Long's Peak, in Colorado, lies the ruin of a forest giant. The naturalist tells us that the tree has stood for four hundred years; that it was a seedling when Columbus landed on San Salvador; that it had been struck by lightning fourteen times; that the avalanches and storms of four centuries had thundered past it.

In the end, however, beetles killed the tree. A giant that age had not withered, nor lightning's blasted, nor storms subdued, fell at last before insects that a man could crush between his forefinger and thumb. How many strong men and women have collapsed to the consternation of their many admirers. The cause of the fall was a hidden and ignored little thing. Well may it be said, "Strangle little sins; they do not remain little."

At a certain city in the United States two brothers were so elated because of the remarkable change in another brother since his becoming a Salvationist, that they have each promised him \$250 every month as long as he remains in The Army and wears the uniform.

At Perth Amboy, N.J., there have been six drumhead conversions, some of them notorious characters. One was a burglar on the way "to do a job," who, attracted to the Open-Air, became converted and left his house-breaking tools with the Officer. All this came about from a habit of the Officers in putting the drum down at the end of the Open-Air, and themselves kneeling by it to pray for the souls of the people.

GOOD TIMES AT MT. PLEASANT

Ensign and Mrs. Rea. Splendid times were had at the Open-Air in the last two weekends. Saturday night, November 19, the Soldiers gathered at the Hall preparatory to the usual Open-Air. In view of the bad weather, however, this did not take place, and the Comrades remained at the Hall where a religious service was held. The next day, Sunday, the 20th, the Open-Air was held, and the Comrades were again in the spirit of the occasion.

In the Holiness Meeting on Sunday morning Mrs. Ensign Rea took the lead, Sister Mrs. Ensign, and the testimonies were given. The morning five souls plunged into the Fountain. The afternoon Meeting was also run along Holiness lines, and the Lord blessed the Ensigns efforts, when two more souls were knit at the Mercy-Seat. At night a splendid crowd gathered at the Open-Air, and the usual Open-Air was held for the Salvation Meeting, joining heartily in the singing of old-time songs. The hand played the hymns, and did well, after which the Ensign gave the address, the result of the Prayer-Meeting being two more seekers.

On the 21st of the Corps was again blessed by God, four seekers being registered. The attendees at the Prayer-Meeting on Holiness lines, and the Lord blessed the Ensigns efforts, when two more souls were knit at the Mercy-Seat. At night a splendid crowd gathered at the Open-Air, and the usual Open-Air was held for the Salvation Meeting, joining heartily in the singing of old-time songs. The hand played the hymns, and did well, after which the Ensign gave the address, the result of the Prayer-Meeting being two more seekers.

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DRUMHELLER

Adjutant Reader and Captain McEwen. On a recent Sunday one of our new Converts made his way to the Holiness room, and there sought the blessing of Sanctification. In the Salvation Meeting two boys and one girl sought pardon.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Merritt was given a hearty welcome to Drumheller on the occasion of her first visit to the Corps. On Saturday night, in an interesting Meeting she told many incidents in the life of our Founder. In the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting the Comrades were blessed by her convincing words, and at night also. In the latter Meeting the wife of one of our recent Converts was gloriously saved.—C.E.T.

SASKATOON II

Captain and Mrs. Hill. We have great reason to praise God for His presence in our midst during the last week or so. On Sunday, Nov. 20, we were pleased to have Commandant and Mrs. Beattie with us, to welcome Mrs. Captain Hill, after her recent visit to the Corps. The inspiring messages given by the Comrades were blessed by her convincing words, and at night also. In the latter Meeting the wife of one of our recent Converts was gloriously saved.—C.E.T.

Our Corps Cadet Sunday was a real success. On this occasion we were pleased to have Corporal Loughlin with us, to welcome Mrs. Hill, and to give inspiring messages, this time especially so to the Young Ladies. The afternoon Meeting was a lively one, each Corps Cadet taking an active part. We are glad to say that our Open-Air Meetings were being well attended, and we believe that we are in for a great campaign this winter.—C.C.H.H.

Send a Letter Home

A LONG time since you wrote, boy, I hear the old folks say; They sady watch the postman As he passes by each day. Their hearts for you are grieving, They wonder why you roam, So sit you down at once, boy, And write a letter home.

Remember that they're old, boy, And little causes pain; The heart is easy moved, boy, When life is on the wane. Then do not idly wait, boy, And let them still bemoan, But sit you down at once, boy, And write a letter home.

Remember how you'd feel, boy, And sad would be your fate, If, when your letter reaches them, It should be over-late. If then in death were sleeping, No more on earth to roam, Oh, how you'd sadly wish, boy, You'd sent a letter home.

And send a letter home, girl, They want to hear from you. The boys are not the only ones Whose letters are too few. It's not that they are fussy, It's love that prompts their thought; So sit right down and write right home Just as you know you ought.

Send a copy of "The Christmas War Cry"—it will be welcomed.

THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



Start The Story Here:

Hephzibah Nott, otherwise Effie—the writer of these letters to her home-folk—is a school-teacher who has just taken up duty at a small country school. She finds herself in a circle of Salvationists, and is not yet quite sure that she enjoys the experience.

CHAPTER V

A visit to Mary's mother; and The Army Officers come to supper.

"The Dell,"
La Prairie,
Sept. 28th

Dear Dad and Mums:

I am not trying to tell you all that has happened since I wrote you last, but it has been a full week—plenty to do and plenty to think about.

I was ever so glad to have your letter and to know that all goes well at your end. I can't help feeling glad that you miss me; evidently the few months I have spent at home did give me a place there. You know I used sometimes to feel that Jack had all the thought and that I had none.

Boys always get more than girls, they say; but, dearest dears, I wouldn't want you to think that I am the least bit jealous, and certainly not now that you are in such trouble about him. I still feel that one day all will come right, and that he will be a cheer to you instead of an anxiety. Poor old Jack! When did you hear last from him—you didn't say. That is just the way with letters—there is always something missing; so I'll get on with mine while the going is good.

Excitement Wearing off

I've an idea that I finished my last letter with that description of the first day at school. I really cannot promise to go into every detail as I did those first days; and maybe the first edge of my excitement is wearing off. But never mind, I'll try to do my best.

School days are all much alike, except that I am fast making friends with some of my young charges. Wee Mary Kirk is getting a real firm place in my affections. She seems such a pathetic little soul. All the vim and verve of the family has been appropriated by her brother—the young rascal.

I was just delighted when Saturday came, with its few hours relief from school, and yet it was a school duty which drew me, for I filled up the afternoon in responding to a note of invitation from Mrs. Kirk, in which she had said she would be so glad if I would go over and see her.

I spent Saturday morning in tidying myself and doing a few odd jobs that I had put off during the week, and in wishing I could pass over my darning to you, for I am finding it necessary to resort to that economy if I am to carry into effect all my financial plans. Then after dinner I set forth on my walk.

Barter His Soul for a Car

It was longer than I had bargained for and the afternoon was so hot. It was just lovely through the woods—I managed to dodge the mosquitoes—but when I emerged into the almost treeless barrenness of the rest of the way I wished I had taken advantage of the offer of your Gus, and allowed him to drive me over. That boy—he will do anything to get away from his ordinary work, and I'm fully of the opinion he would proceed to barter his immortal soul for full ownership of a car—an auto I mean. I think both Pa Crompton and Hector are up to most of his dodges in that direction.

But the walk was long and tiring and uninteresting, and I was not sorry when I saw in the distance the familiar buggy and dear old "Tubby" all sweat and smiles, driving "Joshua" to meet me; of course Harry Kirk was with him, but "Tubby" maintained a perfectly stolid demeanour in spite of all Harry's urgings, and kept "Joshua" at the same old gait, without heed to the little chap's cries, "Here's teacher! Hullo, Miss Nott."

I was glad to get into the ancient Ark

and be piloted therein for the remainder of the journey.

As I told you, I think, Mrs. Kirk has no easy task. Her father is a grasping old man; always keen on the dollar; and never slow to remind her of her almost entire dependence on him. Her mother is just what one would expect in the wife of such an old miser. She looks worn out; and although I do not suppose the father knows it, mother and daughter find much comfort in each other's presence, and company.

Furtive-eyed Old Lady

When I arrived Grandfather Johns was out; he had gone down to La Prairie, and so we had our first little while without him. The greeting that Mrs. Kirk gave me was as though she had known me for years. It scarcely seemed possible that we had only had that train talk together. She asked so affectionately after you. I suppose she knew I would be thinking about you. I was introduced

her of some of the doings of the other youngsters on their way to and from the school. "Tubby" does not always manage to restrain his brother "Skinny's" wildness; and young Harry Kirk comes home full of childish glee at their exploits, while Mary is reduced to a condition of tearful nervousness. I must speak faithfully with Master Adventurous.

We were in the midst of our tea-drinking—which had been arranged by Grandma Johns indoors—when we heard the sound of wheels outside. Immediately awe fell over us all. The old mother began to fidget, and evidently was anxious that I should hasten my departure; Mrs. Kirk said, "Hush Harry, here's your granddad"—Harry did hush. I felt I was quite among the unwanted, and although there was so much more we had to say to each other I made haste to make myself scarce.

A Lord of Creation

I was standing not upon the order of



The Captain and I retired for a quiet chat on our own.

to Grandma Johns—a furtive eyed old lady, tall, gaunt, and for ever giving one the impression that she was watching and listening for somebody. (I saw more of this later on.) She retired almost as soon as I made my appearance and I was left for my chat with Mrs. Kirk, with little Mary in close attendance.

She feels her position very keenly. Cannot you imagine how she would feel? She tells me she was so happy in getting away from it; the joy in the fact that her husband had returned safely from his terrible experiences overseas; the gladness of their reunion, and the high hopes they had had for their homesteading and now this. It is awful, isn't it? Do you know, dearest people, I felt just as I did on the train, that I wanted to say something that would really comfort her, but I could not summon up enough courage—I could only cry silently with her and hope that my lot might be better. It is pitiful too, to hear the little woman planning how to make the few dollars last out—the little residue—the small, scanty store of what she managed to bring away with her.

Tragedies in Quiet Corners

Oh, I am beginning to think there are some tragedies in this life, and the worst of them hidden away in the quiet corners of the earth.

This little woman is inclined to make much of very little, especially in the way of troubles. For instance, she is greatly worried about the children's going to school. I think Mary has been telling

me going, when "Grand-dad" made his entry. I thank all my lucky stars he is not one of my ancestors. Tall, gaunt, long faced, a scraggly beard—everything on the "long side." He marched into the house with a regular "Lord of Creation" air. Mrs. Johns was busily engaged in an effort to get the tea things out of his sight, but, dear muddled old thing, she did but contrive to attract his attention the more. Mary, who evidently is the only one without fear of him, said, pulling at his sleeve, "It's my teacher, grand-dad."

He gave me a glancing scowl, and said, "Huh! saving a meal for the Cromptons. Eh!" whereat I did make my exit, and vowed all the way home that I would make sure of his absence before ever I ventured foot again in his homestead. Miserable old man!

I arrived home in time for supper, although my cup of tea had taken the edge off my appetite and my walk and my indignation had made me feel the need for a little quietude. But this was denied me.

Company for Supper

I found "Ma Crompton" had company for supper; she had quite forgotten to tell me, or I would have postponed my "Kirk" call, (and I wish I had). Supper was laid out in grand style, and it was obvious that it was not altogether without honor for my own proud self. I felt in no mood for the event, nor for the company that awaited my coming; for The Army Officers were there, and before I

knew where I was I was being introduced to "the Captain and Lieutenant." It did not occur to anybody to tell me their names, and so, perforce I found myself very speedily "Captaining" and "Lieutenancing" with the rest.

But they are two dear girls; I'm in love with them right away and for always.

The Captain is much older than the Lieutenant; a quiet, retiring personage, with a voice showing much signs of hard wear. She has been an Army Officer for nearly six years, and she used to be a teacher. So that's a bond of affinity.

Lieutenant Full of Fun

The Lieutenant is only a few months older than myself, and full of happy fun. "Oh, Captain, dear," she says, "do let's laugh," and the Captain gives a sort of silent smile—do you know what I mean?—that in no way checks the gladfulness of her colleague. I've discovered too that this young lady is a delightful soloist; the Captain sings too, but in a quieter style. But I'm all disjoined again!

Pa Crompton was in great spirits; Brenda was evidently torn between three loves; Hector was just as evidently proud of the Officers—they were making their first visit to The Dell—and Ma, as usual, cumbered about with much serving. She did find time, however, to ask a few questions, and by the time supper was over she and Pa were in possession of a fairly good biography of both ladies.

When we had finished our meal, the Captain and I retired to another room for a quiet chat on our own—she is such an attractive talker. The Lieutenant waited on Ma Crompton in the kitchen, insisting that she had been so busy waiting on us, that she had eaten nothing herself.

I wish I could make you feel something of the charming restraint with which the Captain talked about herself. She comes from British Columbia and before she joined The Army, she was such friends with her father and mother. The Army came to her little town in the valley, and as she said so sweetly I could have kissed her. "It was then I realised how I was wasting my life."

Training School at Winnipeg

It appears she became a member of The Army against her parents' wishes—"I couldn't help it, anyhow," she said. "God called me," and then she felt she must become an Officer (and would you believe it), the night she went home to tell her people of this "call," as she says it, she found the door of the house locked against her. She had to come away from home and go to the Training School at Winnipeg without even the chance of saying goodbye, and they never answer her letters, although she writes quite often.

I sat and cried while the Captain talked; I could do no other. I was—and am—so glad that you would not have treated me like that. It seems so dreadful that one's own parents should stand in the way of one's taking up such a grand work as that of an Army Officer. You see where I am getting.

Our conversation, however, was suddenly interrupted by the Lieutenant, ant rising in upon us, and declaring that "if they didn't get away at once, they would be late for Open-Air." And our talk had to cease.

I am going to see more of these two girls; I feel so sure you would like them. But you need not worry that I am going to do it just at this moment, for it is ever so late, and I am once more your tired and sleepy little girl—

So goodnight, and God bless you.

Yours ever so lovingly,

Effie.

Next Week—Little Mary meets with an accident

The Way to Heaven
is Straight and Plain

WAR CRY



If You go to Hell
Who will be to blame?

No. 48

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1927

WINNIPEG

PRICE FIVE CENTS

We are looking



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 517 - 519 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1639—Frank M. Jones. Age 47; height 5 ft. 5 ins; dark brown eyes; fair, clear complexion. Born at Walsall, England, and was an insurance agent. Relatives anxious.

1640—Ernest Alfred Hobart. Living on Logan Ave., Winnipeg, in March, 1927 and previously at Brandon. Wife anxious to locate.

1768—George James Payne. Age 38; height 5 ft. 3 ins; dark hair; dark eyes; yellow complexion; native of London. Came out to Canada with the Barnardo party in 1900. Last known address Newdorf, Sask.

1769—Harry Twisley. Mining since July, 1924; 65 to 60 years of age; height 5 ft. 5 ins; dark hair; dark eyes; fresh complexion; occupation, shoemaker. For time was in B. C. Relatives enquiring.

1720—Ben Smith. Last known address, Edmonton Street, Winnipeg. Wife anxious to locate.

1725—Arne Anderson Brekke. Age 38; height 5 ft. 10 ins; blue eyes; last heard from April 1927. Railway worker with C.N.R. Winnipeg. A friend is anxious.

1729—David John Stoddart. Missing since Christmas 1926; age 26; height 5 ft. 8 ins; grey-blue eyes; fair complexion, coal miner in Old Country; native of Wales.

1733—Valentin Flutsch. Last heard from around Edmonton; relatives enquiring.



1746—Carl Christian Hansen. Born in Assens, Denmark, 1897; came to Canada as young man. During late war was Canadian soldier. No. 1048613, 19th Company Canadian Forestry Corps. Parents inquiring.

(See photo)

1732—Joyce D. C. McLane or Laine. Nickname Joek. Came to Canada this year; age 25½; height 5 ft. 11 in.; sandy hair; blue eyes; high colored complexion. Woodcutter by trade. News urgently wanted by friends in England. Communicate immediately.

1753—Ed Engbretsen. Norwegian; age 42; height 5 ft. 11 ins; light complexion; blue eyes; straight figure. During war was in 57th Battalion at Winnipeg, in 1916. For a time was at Brandon, father looks for news.

1755—Karl Olaf Field Olsen. Age 18; tall; blonde hair; blue eyes; last heard from 1926. Is a soldier; thought to be sailing on The West Coast of U.S.A. Father wishes to get in touch.

1757—Henry Jones. Came to Canada 1922; farmer of Welsh extraction. Thought to be married. Quiet disposition; age 39; height 5 ft; brown hair; dark eyes; pale complexion. Was two years in place called Wassaway.

1765—Allen Ireland. Age 27; height 6 ft; dark hair; dark brown eyes; dark complexion. Parents anxious.

1769—Henry Boulton. Age 38; height 5 ft. 9 ins; brown hair; brown eyes; fresh complexion; farming. Was last heard of in Alberta.

1767—Alex. Hart. Age between 35 and 37. For a time was working at Camp 38, Nairn Centre, Ontario in 1921. Father anxious to enquire.

1769—Victor Westfall Franz Siegel. Born in 1873 at Allagen, Soudt, Westf., Germany. Is married and a merchant by profession. Last known address, Greta, Man., in 1919.

— THE — CHIEF-of-the-STAFF (COMMISSIONER E. J. HIGGINS) and MRS. COMMISSIONER HIGGINS



accompanied by
Lieut.-
Commissioner
and Mrs. Rich
will conduct
meetings in
Canada West
Territory
as follows:

Winnipeg

TUESDAY, Dec. 13, at 3.00 p.m.

Opening of the "William Booth
Memorial" Training Garrison

THURSDAY, Dec. 15, at 7.45 p.m.

Comrades and Old Comrades Assembly

(Broadway Baptist Church)

Vancouver

SUNDAY, Dec. 18, (Pantages Theatre)

11 a.m. Holiness Meeting

3 p.m. Lecture: "Seventy Nations—
One Flag"

7.30 p.m. A Battle of Salvation

Promoted to Glory Brother William (Dad) Long, Edmonton Citadel

The Comrades of Edmonton Citadel will no more hear Dad, as he leaves the Sunday night Meeting, saying, as was his custom, "Good-night everyone, and God bless you." We shall never again look upon his kindly old face with its snow-white beard, all aglow and beaming with the love of God. Dad passed away in one of the local hospitals on October 23. Those who were with him towards the end say that his room was not like a death-chamber, but that the hallowed influence seemed to carry one almost to the gates of the home on High. Dad did not fear death, for he had, many years ago, made preparations for it, and has lived secure in the knowledge that Jesus is all in all to him.

The Funeral Service, conducted by Ensign and Mrs. Collier, was held on Wednesday afternoon, October 26, in the Citadel, where a large crowd gathered. Several of his old Comrades spoke feelingly of Dad's life. Many people stood watching, as, with the Band at its head, the procession marched away from the Citadel to the cemetery where another short service was held.

The following Sunday evening a Memorial Service was held for our Promoted



Dad Long

Comrade. On leaving the Open-Air stand the Band played the "Dead March." A large crowd gathered in the Citadel for the service, which opened with Dad's favorite song, "My home is in Heaven." Brother Barker spoke regarding the life of Brother Long, as did Brother Basingthwait, who had known him for nearly twenty years, and who had worked with him in Fernie when they had both lived there, prior to coming to Edmonton. He told of the old warrior's wonderful spirit, and that his one ambition in life was the winning of souls for the Master he loved. Sister Mrs. Lydall soloed, "He wipes the tear from every eye," and after the Band had played, "Promoted to Glory," the Songsters sang "Abide with me." The Ensign's closing address was helpful and convincing.

Dad will be sadly missed by everyone who knew him, but the influence that he has left behind will ever remain. Forty years ago he gave his heart to God, and had lived the life of a true Christian ever since. Of his long service for God, twenty years were spent in Edwinton, Nottinghamshire, England. He leaves behind him his wife, three sons and two daughters, whom he is hoping to meet in the Glory-land.—N.B.

THE CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY"

SALVATIONISTS and Army friends do not fail to order your copy early; when you see the Issue, you will certainly require 8 copies for your friends. Eight pages in color, including unique portraits of the Founder and the Mother of The Army in an entirely new presentation. These alone are worth the price—10c.

"Christ glorified in the Communion"—by The General. "The Fact of Christmas"—by Mrs. General Booth; "The Desir: of the Nations"—by Lt.-Commissioner Rich; "No Room for Him"—by Commissioner Lawley; "I was a Stranger and ye took me in"—by the Chief Secretary; "The Love Story that Influenced the World"—by Harold Begbie; "The Night of Stars"—by Colonel Wm. Nicholson; "The Shepherd Boy of Bethlehem"—by the Editor; "Christmas in Sweden"—by Mrs. Major Larson; "The Lone Log Cabin in the Woods"—by Adj. W. R. Putt; "Christmas Day in Peking"—by Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett; "Yuletide in Iceland"—by Brigadier Graueland; "Yesterday and To-day in Canadian History"—by D.O.J.; etc., etc.

If you are interested in the extension of the Kingdom of God, ask The Army Officer for copies for sale among your friends.